

THE
NASSAU LITERARY
MAGAZINE

VOLUME LIX—NUMBER 9

APRIL

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1842

CONDUCTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS
OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

1904

The Nassau Literary Magazine

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THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the 15th day of each month from October to June inclusive, by the Senior Class of *Princeton University*. Its aim is to provide the proper outlet for the literary efforts of the undergraduates, and thus to encourage the full, symmetrical development of the student body in *Belles-Lettres*.

For this purpose contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all students. They are due on the first of each month and must be accompanied by the full name of the author. If rejected, they will be returned, with a careful criticism.

The Terms of Subscription are \$2.50 per year (payable in advance): Single copies on sale at Rowland's and Drake's, 30 cents. Subscribers who do not receive a current issue before the 20th of the month, will please notify the Business Manager.

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Cytherea in the Pineland

BAIRD PRIZE POEM FOR THE YEAR 1904

I was kneeling in the starlight, and the end was drawing
nigh ;

I could feel it, for the pine winds hushed awhile their
murmuring.

All the vistas of the forest, all the arches of the sky

Felt the passing of the winter and the coming of the
spring.

By the pine-enshadowed sea

I was kneeling in the starlight when the passion came to
me.

Just at midnight the mute voices of the frostbound forest
land

Raised a tremor in the tree tops, whispered softly to
mine ear.

Something old, and something happy that my heart could
understand :

Timid prelude to the music heralding the springing year

Pulsing over land and sea,

Nearer crept the old reviving hymn of mighty mystery.

Nearer—but the promised music of the young world died
ere long;

'Twas a hopeful tune of boyhood chidden into silence
where

Ruined monarchs sung together, hopelessly, a bearded
throng,

Crooning o'er in mournful measure memories of days
that were.

And the burthen came to me:

"We are old, our hearts are heavy; gladness dwells in
memory."

They are old, the forest monarchs, musing on the end of
things;

Dreaming back to their beginnings in the hidden wood-
land ways;

Counting out a thousand winters, counting in a thousand
springs;

Crooning over all the sorrows of their mournful, storm-
ful days:

"Better years are not to be;

We are old, our hearts are heavy; let us dwell with memory."

I, who in our rugged Northland dream no dreams of gods
afield,

Catch no glimmer of the choral dance along the mountain
combe,

Crave a fragment of the passion that another age could yield
Throbbing breathless to the whisper of the queen of
smitten Rome.

Over miles of starlit sea

Breathe again, O Cytherea, breathe again and speak to me.

Mother, these have never known thee; all their thousand
aisles of gloom
Never echoed Dryad laughter, never heard the Graces
call;
Never thrilled beneath the footsteps of the queen of Life
and Bloom,
Oldest of the forest monarchs, youngest, fairest of them
all.
Kindred of the moaning sea,
They have never known thee mother, they were never kin
to thee.

I, a stranger to the vaunted azure of Italian day,
I, who never saw Soracte's forests budding through the
snow,
Never watched the winter olive gardens turn from green
to gray,
Yet have read the Roman poets and have loved thee long
ago.
From thy vine-engirdled sea
By the tender Roman poets, Cytherea, speak to me.

Well I love the Northland winter in the mountains all
alone,
Treading valleys white and silent, silent since the world
began;
And the barren starlit ridges, by the night wind bitter
blown,
Singing wilder, sadder music than was ever known to
man;
Music none may understand
But the cold stars always watching o'er the white and lonely
land.

Then perfect summer weather, set in emerald and gold ;
Evening tints of pink and purple blending on the mountain wall ;
Shafted sunbeams at the noontide when the year is growing old,
And the hazy pineland summer saddening toward the fall ;
When the forest fires ablaze
Veil the sun with clouded amber, shortening the dreamy days.

Perfect—but the springtime gladness of young melody is marred
Ere the first full notes are fluted ; silenced by the low regret
Of the old complaining pine-kings—bearded monarchs, battle-scarred—
Ageless mother of the Ages wilt thou teach them to forget ?
O'er the silent starlit sea
Cytherea, thou wilt come to break the pineland's mystery.

Come ;— the voiceless wind is gently setting in toward the shore ;
On the hills the crimson banner of the morning lies unfurled.
Welcome now, as thou wert welcome to a kinder land of yore
In the first forgotten springtime of the noble Roman World.
Over miles of starlit sea,
Cytherea, thou art come to break the pineland's mystery.

Now choral dance is weaving up the hollow, long defiles,
Now the choral song is swelling through the forest near
at hand.

Stately Cytherea, thou art leading down the dusky aisles,
Leaving flowers where those footprints kiss the sullen,
bitter land.

Music of the mirthful spring
Fills the grove and shames to silence the old pineland
murmuring.

I can hear the Dryads laughing from each shadowy retreat,
See their nimble fingers weaving garlands with a soft
caress

'Round the mournful, bearded pine-kings, heaping flowers
at their feet;

Trying every art to win them to a sweet forgetfulness.
And the monarchs softly sigh,
Half forgetful of their sorrows in the stormful days gone by.

Through the half-light of the forest ghosts of other days
depart.

This the first and only morning blushes through the
virgin grove.

Hybla's honey we are quaffing, kind as Lethe to the heart,
Where the deathless gods are gathered to the primal
feast of Love;

Hybla's honey, sweet and kind,
Like the waters of Nepenthe falling on the troubled mind.

They are passing now, like dreams-gods passing to another
land,

All the music of their mystic presence lingering behind
After the last dream is shattered, and the dawnlight near
at hand

Calls the old world back, but leaves a godlike yearning
in the mind.

So that tender, dying tune
Lingers as I hear them passing westward 'neath the setting
moon.

I was kneeling in the starlight when the coming of the
dawn

Spread a hush upon the river, shot a slender golden beam
Through the crimson on the mountains; from the forest
land forlorn

Swelled again that agelong anguish on the pine-wind
through my dream :

"Better days are not to be;
We are old, our hearts are heavy; let us dwell with
memory."

Edward Harshberger Butler.

Fate, the Juggler

JACK POT was the unchivalrous camp of the gold fields; for it was a camp law, that no woman, regardless of age, race, or degree of beauty, should be permitted within the city limits. These city limits, in their broadest interpretation, meant anywhere in front of a broken zigzag line of wooden buildings, that began with the Dutchman's lean-to and meandered a mile or more along the creek bank, as far as Sandy Knox's deserted shanty. Parallel to the river bank, there was a palisade of rugged mountains, encroaching on the city limits at a dozen points, over which no jurisdiction was claimed.

Early in the history of the diggings, a ban had been placed against women and short-card men; that unwritten law had endured where written laws were despised. Short card men were shot on discovery; and whenever one of those wretched itinerants of the mining camps would drift in with the folorn hope, that in a new spot her meagre charms might gain for her few a months further dissipation she was waited upon politely by one of The Committee and advised to pass on to Monkey Paw, the next place down the creek where the miners were better judges of beauty.

And yet the camp was by no means a community of psalm-singers. The men were almost universally hardened prospectors, who had knocked off in previous diggings all their puritanical edges, if they ever had any. Cold experience had dictated that decree against woman. Perhaps among those, who made the first strike, there may have been one who in his past had paid his hard earned clean-up for the song and smile of a yellow haired siren with faded eyes; and he proposed the ban. Anyhow it was as old as Jack Pot. The miners, who flocked in later, had seen enough of the carousing, brawling and killing that break forth with the first flurry of petticoats, to appreciate the

wisdom of the law and they accorded with the pioneers decision.

"Gold may be the root of all evil," said Mr. Randolph Terrell, called Razorback for brevity and also length and slimness, "but woman always gets so devilish close to the gold, that it's mighty hard telling just which is the root." Razorback was chairman of The Committee and something of an oracle. So that man might make his stake and keep it, woman was debarred.

Of course it was but a matter of time until Jack Pot would have succumbed to woman's craft and blandishment; but the camp was young and the ban in full force, when Cockie Foultz, returning one Saturday evening from a four-day spree at Monkey Paw, made a sensational discovery and brought the tidings to The Daisy.

When Cockie pushed his way into the saloon, all the boys had assembled for the regular end-of-the-week jamboree. About the bar things were lively as a boiling tea-kettle; and from the faro lay-out, hidden by a stockade of watchful miners, sounded the nervous click of chips and the monotonous drone of the dealer, "The seven wins—the tray loses."

"Hello, Cockie!" bawled Red Dorgan. "Whot's yer licker—how's the gals?"

Red knew that Cockie had been over to Monkey Paw and he wanted to gossip. Though Jack Pot was undivided in its approval of the ban, a few of the more lively miners, who were not averse to mingling with womankind now and then, made periodical jaunts to Monkey Paw for that purpose. There they would decorate the town after their own artistic taste, lavish their gold-dust on painted girls in saloons and dance-halls, and cleaned out, slip back to Jack Pot, stronger partisans of the exclusion law. Cockie for a second looked Red over without making any reply to the invitation.

"I reckon I'd better ask that," he finally said sarcastically.

"What—the drink—that's on me," Red replied dubiously. "Butt up and lick. What about the gals—any new uns"

"Jack Pot don't seem ter hafter mosey down ter Monkey Paw fer new uns," Cockie retorted dryly.

"Wot's the joak?" asked Red with a sniff of impatience.

"Nothin'. I'm just lookin' fer infermashun. That's all."

"You talk like er man with a paper head," blurted Red; and he turned to his drink. "Wot's yer drivin' at? Yer make me tired."

"Nothin' in perticuler," drawled Cockie. "I'd like ter meet 'er—can't just reckerlect havin' bin incherdoosed. Whose Sweet Maree is she? A woman weren't such a commin' bit of furnicher in Jack Pot reserdences, seems ter me, when I left ther diggin'."

This vague, rambling speech of Cockie attracted the attention of all those drinking and drew a few miners away from the faro game. They scanned him curiously, at first perplexed; then most of them concluded that he had not yet recovered from the effects of Monkey Paw whiskey. Cockie saw that he had possessed a sensation and he chose to make the most of it. Sauntering up to the bar, as if to order a drink, he turned, facing the miners about the room and with his elbows cocked on the rail, surveyed them indifferently for a time.

"I don't serpose none of you uns," he said, pausing with an ironical drawl, "happen ter know ther's a woman livin' in Sandy Knox's old shack?"

The only religious silence in the history of The Daisy for a second held the barroom; and Barney Coogan for a single instance in his career passed a drink.

"The Queen wins—the Jack loses," struck in the perpetual drone from the faro table.

"The hell you say," thundered Razorback, striding fiercely toward Cockie, as though the newsbearer were the offender.

"The hell I don't," Cockie returned coolly.

"When did you see her—comin' back from Monkey Paw?"

"Comin' back frum Monkey Paw. She was just hikin' in the door of Sandy's as I cum up an' I seen her plain as I see yer. I wouldn't huv believed me own peepers but I seen a light. Then I looked in an' ther' she were."

"You haven't been drinking?" Razorback demanded severely.

"Not since me money run out yesterday mornin'."

"Well, I'll—"

A full appreciation of the news struck Razorback and paralyzed his tongue. Many women had by divers methods attempted to force an entrance into Jack Pot; but here one had slipped in, secretly appropriated Sandy Knox's abandoned cabin, and established herself, before the citizens had an inkling, that sacred Jack Pot, sacred no more, possessed its first woman.

"Do any of you fellows know anything about her?" Razorback asked suspiciously, turning to the miners. Each man signified emphatically that he did not.

"Was anybody with her?" he asked Cockie.

"I didn't see none."

"Well, she can't have been there long," Razorback said savagely. "I was by Sandy's last Thursday and there were no petticoats there then. I'll go up there tomorrow morning and read her the riot act. You just watch me."

On Sunday morning the boys habitually slept till noon, but that momentous Sabbath they were all up early and congregated at The Daisy to see Razorback off on his mission of reading the riot act. It had always been the custom for him, as chairman of the Committee, to perform

such duties alone, while the crowd would await his return at the Daisy; but that morning, by reason of the extraordinary occasion, pickets had been posted along the creek to send back tidings from the scene of battle, when active warfare began.

The chairman of The Committee was grotesquely tall and gaunt with long, thin arms, like the ghostly sycamores that haunted the banks of the Indiana river by which he was born. His Randolph Terrell had been suppressed by some ridiculous nickname ever since the christening; for lean and lanky he had always been, so lanky that people stared and snickered at him, wherever he had gone. He was the ugly duckling of a handsome brood, but an ugly duckling that had never been transformed into a swan — except so far as his lengthy neck. Among his brothers and sisters he had made a very sorry figure, when dragged away from his books into society; and so he had stolen away from home to the great west, where long arms and legs were too serviceable to be despised. His face was rugged with peaks and valleys, like the mountains he had come to love; and like mountain lakes his eyes were deep and clear. But his eyes were grim and relentless, that Sunday morning, as he stalked down the road, and they grew more grim and relentless as the dilapidated hovel of Sandy Knox came in sight.

Just why a cabin should have been placed where Sandy's shanty stood, would have been a riddle to anyone who ever knew Sandy. Down the creek, at least a mile from the camp, it had been jammed into an angle of the cliff, flat against the wall and beneath a huge jutting mass of rock, which hung high above it in apparently constant menace. Between the hut and the creek there was a narrow strip of ground, just wide enough to permit the Monkey Paw road to pass. Old Sandy Knox, keen prospector that he was, knew gold was hidden in that cliff somewhere; and

so in the barren lonely spot he built his cabin, and along side of it, burrowed into the mountain. But though the old man toiled patiently and confidently, day in and day out, heedless of the hidden and open raillery of the other miners, he never wrung from the hard grip of the mountain more gold than enough to keep his work going. One day buzzards hovered over his shanty; and when Razorback and Baldy Stevens went down, they found the veteran miner had panned out for good. The cabin was a considerable distance from any well-paying dirt, so nobody cared to move in; and left to the wind and rain it became the most miserable hovel in camp. As Razorback approached, it leaned feebly against the cliff, which alone saved it from collapse, rickety and disreputable looking as a broken down toper. He strode up to the hut and beat heavily on the door, until the roof trembled.

The door opened; and the tall committeeman glowered down on a slender woman with startled eyes and a sweet delicate mouth. She looked no more than a girl, as she stood in the doorway with the tendrils of her hair blowing about her face. Glancing up shyly, she caught sight of the miner's scowling brow and shrank back a step, as a frightened child.

"Won't you come in?" she asked with a smile that would have won old Rhadamanthus.

Razorback went in without a word, obedient as a school-boy. When he looked down at the winsome face of the woman, his anger had taken wings and as he crossed the threshold of the hut he felt his nerve wither in his backbone; for he saw at once that she was a different species from the usual woman of the mining camp. She had cleaned the ramshackle shanty and put it in order beyond anything he had seen since he had left his almost forgotten home; and with the residue of Sandy's estate, meagre as it was, she had contrived to make the wretched hovel something of a

home. He sat down awkwardly on a bench and began to fidget about restlessly. Her pronounced dignity—she had received him into the cabin as a lady would have welcomed him into a mansion—made him feel coarse and out of place, and a queer expression in her eyes put him ill at ease. He fingered his Colt for encouragement and when that failed him, he looked about helplessly. The silence told him that it was necessary to say something, but every time he worked himself up to the crisis of speaking, his courage failed as a swimmer's about to take a plunge in cold water.

"I see you've taken Sandy Knox's cabin," he stammered finally.

"Have I?" faltered the proscribed anxiously. "I didn't know it. There was no one here when I came and the place looked so bad, I thought nobody lived in it. I am very sorry."

"Oh, that's alright," Razorback hastened to reply. "Sandy's cashed in."

"Gone away?" she inquired doubtfully.

"Kicked the bucket—dead—been dead for six months. You didn't know Sandy?" he asked quickly, fearful the terrible silence might again fall.

"I'm afraid not," she answered in an apologizing tone. "I'm not acquainted here."

Razorback was out of tongue ammunition and he felt chills hurdling up his backbone. As a conversationalist he had never been much of a social success back home but he racked his brain to recollect what was the proper thing to chat about, when calling upon a lady.

"We've been having a stretch of fine weather," he ventured, his eyes kindling with satisfaction.

"I never notice the weather any more," she sighed. "The days are all one to me."

The committeeman, perplexed and very much crestfallen, stole a glance at her face. There was a sad, far-off look about her eyes. He decided that he had made a mistake.

"I guess days are pretty much the same, after all," he remarked by way of squaring things. "Going to locate here?"

"I don't know," she answered pensively. "I never know. I go about looking, always looking, and when I grow tired, I stop."

"You're not prospecting?" the miner asked, his eyes opening with wonder.

"What?" she replied, puzzled.

"Looking for dust—gold."

"Oh no—I have no use for that," she answered with a smile. "I just wander from place to place looking and looking. I must be always looking. When I grow very weary, I stop and stay until something tells me to go on. Then I go. Everywhere, I go, people are very kind to me. They say—but you'll laugh at me if I tell you."

"Not me," he exclaimed vehemently. "And I'd plug a hole through any cuss that did," he added savagely.

"They say, I am silly—crazy," she half whispered.

"But I am not—at least I'm not dangerous," she hurried on to say, as if anxious not to frighten him. "It is only my memory. That is not very good. I do not remember so well as I once did and things are confused. I once had a great deal of trouble and was very ill."

A great lump swelled up in Razorback's long scraggy neck, as he marked the weary tone in which the woman spoke and saw tears in her eyes. It was impossible for him to associate her delicate face and form with his conception of an insane person.

"Those people that said you were crazy, lied," he exclaimed hoarsely. "Shucks! Trouble would make any fellow's memory bad, and a weak girl like you couldn't stand much anyhow."

Suddenly the recollection of this mission struck him like a gust of winter wind. His hands grew clammy and the

chills began a second race up his backbone. Before him sat the proscribed, her queer eyes resting upon him; and just as plain he saw the inexorable law of Jack Pot and his own hard and fast duty as chairman of The Committee. A lull had fallen, that oppressive silence, which clung about him like a damp chilly coat; and shivering he wished himself back at The Daisy. Finally pulling himself together, he launched with many misgivings on his reading the riot act.

"So you're not acquainted here," he stammered weakly; and looked away. "Then I reckon you don't know Jack Pot. We're a funny lot of cusses here. We don't have any women here — and we're not exactly used to their ways, so you see — you see — well we're not used to women you see —"

Razorback broke down and stared blankly at the unwelcome addition to the population of Jack Pot. Her eyes, simple and trusting as those of a child, were fixed upon his face. He winced as he saw how earnestly she was trying to follow him.

"You see we don't understand women," he began again. "We don't really, for true — and — and — that's why — none of us has been down to call."

It was a disgraceful surrender Razorback admitted, calling himself a coward and a traitor; but in spite of his contempt for himself he was glad his nerve had failed.

"Oh, I came only yesterday," she replied smiling. "So you have not been so long coming. I intended to go up to town tomorrow."

The more Razorback thought over his action, the better he felt. Once he had decided, he went over body and soul to the intruder and stood ready to fight her battles against the entire camp.

"You stay here if you wish, an rest up," he said kindly. "I'll send some grub down here and if there is anything

you need, come up to camp and ask for" — he stopped and smiled. "Well I guess you'd better ask for Razorback," he went on. "You take things easy and that memory will come around alright. And if anybody bothers you, come to me."

He bade her good day with an encouraging smile and struck out for The Daisy as resolutely as he had stalked down to Sandy's, though he was a trifle ashamed to face the boys. He strode into the barroom, where the miners were eagerly awaiting his report; for the scouts had been unable to send back the slightest news and on account of his long stay, speculation and excitement had run high.

"There was a woman up at Sandy's," he began bruskiy. "She was there and she's there yet and I reckon that if there is any firing going to be done, some of you will have to do it."

The amazed miners stood around him in silence, awaiting his explanation. Not a word was spoken against him, for he was above suspicion.

"There is a woman up there," he went on softly, "but she's a different sort from what we know around here. She's a lady—damn it—she's nothing but a girl, a sweet faced girl with sorrowful eyes that make you feel like crying. She's a little bit off in the upper story and thinks she has got to go wandering about the country looking for something. Just some of you go up there, and you'll come away like me—and if you don't—I'd take a shot at you just for luck, cause you'd be a set of yellow curs. She won't do any harm up there to anybody and it won't hurt to let her stay. It may not be long, cause she's a little bit off in the upper I tell you, and will soon be off hoofing around the mountains. I'm not a-running this camp and some of you can fire her but I'm here to tell you, you'll have to do it over my carcass."

Razorback was not censured, for everyone agreed that on account of the extraordinary circumstances, the situation demanded great thought and caution.

"It used to take a pair of queens to open a jack pot," Bill Miffin remarked drily; and there was no further comment.

The opinion of Razorback, given so forcibly in his harangue, was powerful enough to gain a few days respite for the squatter at Sandy's shanty. During that time, the boys, in parties of two and three strolled down the creek to inspect the newcomer. She greeted her callers politely and talked to them with a prim and condescending air that both amused and embarrassed them. Her mannerisms, now gracious, now extremely dignified, savoring of a culture either forgotten or never known by the miners, so charmed and interested them that they would drop in just to watch her movements and listen to her voice. She had a childlike confidence in their friendship, a trustful simplicity, that banished all hostile thought. Then the pathos of the frail woman wandering about the rugged mountains, urged here and there by her troubled brain, stirred the pity of the entire camp. To a man Jack Pot accepted the intruder; and with true miner's gallantry, which credits every woman with having been able to gain at least one husband she was called the widow.

Before the week was out she became a town pet, though she had no inkling of her position. The miners hastened to repair Sandy's ramshackle cabin and filled it with such articles of comfort and adornment as happened to exist in camp. Everyone contributed toward her support; and great tact was used in giving it, in order not to offend her; but the diplomacy was all needless, since she accepted everything without surprise or question.

Jack Pot soon became inordinately proud of its one female inhabitant. It rested in unbroken fear that her

whim for wandering might suddenly seize her, so its constant care was to keep her mind satisfied. If she had wished it, the boys would have attempted to move the mountains. For a space of two days the erection of a church was contemplated as a binding tie for the widow and the project was abandoned only when Bill Miffin remarked that they had no parson.

The weary brain of the widow seemed to comprehend that a haven had been reached; she settled down contentedly in Sandy's shanty. She grew interested in the bluff miners and delighted to do little household favors for them, such as cooking and mending. They had never been very fastidious about their wearing apparel; but the dress renaissance was acknowledged to be complete when one day Bill Miffin strutted into *The Daisy*, proud as a nabob, flaunting a big scarlet patch on his blue flannel shirt.

The camp considered itself duty bound to keep a protective watch over the widow, so the boys all dropped down now and then to see how she was getting along. But Razorback constituted himself her special guardian. He never failed to look in at her door once a day and on Sundays he always spent the afternoon at Sandy's shanty.

Children and mad people, it is said, carry about them a touchstone of character. Perhaps that is why, Razorback above all others was the prime favorite of the widow. Her confidence in his wisdom and ability was boundless; but though in most ways she was utterly dependent upon him, in others she looked after him with a woman's care.

It is not to be thought that a man may go through life without a love for some woman, good or otherwise. Who—or which—she is, the fates and the man alone may know; but sure as the law of gravity, there will always arise in his mind, the face of one girl into which all womankind resolves—that if there arise not more than one. Razor-

back through his ugliness, timidity and austerity had heard no woman's fair words nor known her fair looks nor felt the charm of her association, since he had outgrown the strength of his mother's apron strings; and that was very young. So as the days wore on, he gave to the widow that love which nature's eternal fitness of things said in the beginning each man should give. But his was a hopeless love that could look for nothing beyond the protection of the beloved.

Out of the darkness she had come and back in that darkness she had left her past and her memory. Her mind never returned to the days before she suddenly appeared at Sandy's cabin. But one thought ever seemed to enter her troubled brain, the thought that she must wander about looking; and even that at most times was forgotten. It was not that she avoided questioning; she was always frank and willing enough to answer, but she could not remember. Now and then she would unexpectedly give a far away glimpse of her past, a little fragment unconsciously let fall, which had less meaning to her than to those with whom she spoke.

From these fragments of her shattered memory, Razorback managed to piece together a vague disconnected history and he knew it as though it were graven on stone. Hoping that he might reclaim her mind by bringing back her past and fixing it in her memory, he set about to teach this vague history to her and many an afternoon he patiently went over it with her as a child learning its alphabet. By adroit suggestions, he would start her backward; by keen guesses he filled the gaps in her memory; and sometimes when her speech faltered and she looked helplessly at him, by putting the very words in her mouth, the phrases she had first used and had repeated again and again, he guided her along. So in a measure he was successful in developing for her a sort of a history,

which she promptly forgot, until parrot-like she again began to follow it under his guidance.

"You've been wandering about the mining camps a long time?" Razorback asked her one Sunday, as they sat before Sandy's shanty. It was the way he had begun a hundred times; but she seemed brighter and more thoughtful than usual, so he decided that it was a propitious moment to renew her lesson.

"A very long time," she answered, as she had answered a hundred times before.

"You must have been to a great many camps?"

"One hundred and fifty-three," she answered promptly. It seemed that she had kept count of the mining camps to which she had been and was very sure of the number. It was always one hundred and fifty-three from the beginning and she would never change.

"That took a long time. Didn't you grow tired?"

"Very tired," she sighed. "But then I had to go on and when you have to do a thing you can."

"You had to go?" Razorback asked as though he did not understand.

"Certainly," she answered with a child-like impatience at his ignorance. "If I didn't, I should never find him."

Razorback knew that the widow believed there was a 'him' somewhere about the mining camps for whom she must search. He was very jealous of the man, whoever he was, but as he felt that the key to her memory was this shadowy personage, he would talk to her of him and strive to draw out something about him. On this one matter she was reticent. Whenever Razorback touched upon it, she would grow quiet and her eyes would fill with tears. Then the lanky miner would change the subject.

"Of course," Razorback cried. "And you have never seen him?"

"No never," she replied wearily. "Once I thought I did, but it was someone else. But I shall find him."

"What's his name?" he asked eagerly. "Maybe I know him."

The widow shook her head.

"I don't think he would like for me to go about asking for him," she replied softly. "He was very peculiar. He would be angry, I think, if I did."

"He'd be a brute," Razorback cried savagely.

"Nothing of the kind," she retorted, showing the only anger of which she was capable when anything was said against her 'him.' "He wouldn't like to have me going about this way, if he knew it, but when I find him he'll be so glad to see me he will not think about my looking him up."

She seemed more inclined to talk than usual, so Razorback continued to question her.

"What makes you think he is out here?" he asked.

"They said so and I know he is."

"They—who? Your parents?"

"No, I don't think so. The people I lived with. My mother and father are dead, I think."

"He came out here after you were ill?"

"I don't remember," the widow replied pensively. "I think not. It seems as though he went away and then I was ill, very ill. Then when I grew better they said he had deserted me. But they lied, I know. They didn't like him and said terrible things about him, just to hurt me."

She stopped and looked dreamily at the tall miner.

"He was always very kind to me," she continued, her lips smiling sweetly as though she were recalling some happy hour. "There was some mistake, I know. He would not have left me—we were to have been married. I never can remember what happened—only I was ill—and when I grew stronger—my head would not think right. But he was gone and people said he did not treat me well. But

there was some mistake, I know, if I could only remember. So I had to come out here, where they said he had come, and find him so he could know about the mistake. He'll be so glad to see me for then we can go back home and be married."

That was all Razorback could ever learn of her history, try as he would. In the end he gave up the task and was content to know that she remained satisfied in Sandy's old shanty under the watchful care of the miners.

Old Sandy, before he died, piled up near the entrance of his shaft a heap of the dirt he had taken from the mountain. Before the water of the creek touched it, death came; and it had lain there ever since with the rain performing what the gray haired prospector had been prevented from accomplishing. One Sunday Razorback hovering near the window was poking about the dirt pile through curiosity and marked a host of little yellow flakes and pebbles lying in the gutters, that had been cut by the rain. He stooped with a thrill and securing a yellow grain rubbed it between his fingers. Then he looked over to the mound where Sandy lay buried and shook his head with a sigh. The old miner had been right after all; there was gold in that mountain where he said it was, enough gold to have kept him in peace and comfort all his days. But gold and death are twin sisters and as often happens, Sandy found them together.

The news of Sandy's posthumous strike failed to arouse due excitement, for the grim humor of fate cowed the roughest miners, accustomed though they were to her fantastic whims. The camp at once decided that the widow, as Sandy's heir, came into possession of the new mine. It was christened *The Widow's Mite*.

The wildest predictions had not estimated half the value of the discovery; day by day the mine showed greater possibilities. A plan of working it on shares was adopted;

and many a time The Widow's Mite proved a friend in need; for whenever one of the boys went broke or a newcomer needing a stake drifted in, he was sent down to Sandy's old hole, where he panned its rich dirt and rendered a generous percentage of his clean-up to the widow's guardians. As in a fairy-tale her store of gold grew greater. All the luxuries that could be obtained were procured for her, but she accepted these comforts with the same indifference with which she had taken the first gifts of the miners.

The Widow's Mite was far too rich to be worked to the best advantage by crude mining methods, so Razorback was always on the lookout for a capitalist.

"We'll lay low for money," he said. "And I'm telling you when The Widow's Mite sells a part interest, it will be for a big lump. And all Jack Pot's properties are a going up into the clouds. We'll all get fancy prices."

Consequently when the first prospective mine buyer appeared at The Daisy and made known his business, he was received as a foreign potentate. He was a tall gentlemanly fellow with a keen alert eye, which forced from the miners a respect, his careful dress and manners would not otherwise have gained.

Razorback at once seizing upon him piloted him about camp and showed him all kinds and qualities of property by way of working up to the grand climax, The Widow's Mite. The capitalist examined each mine carefully. Now and then he made an expert observation, but never committed himself. He made the miners feel, that while he stood ready to buy the entire camp, if it was what he wanted, he was not likely to take a "salted hole." By Saturday he had visited every property in Jack Pot, The Widow's Mite excepted. The days he had spent inspecting the mines and the nights generally at the card table of The Daisy. He was no tenderfoot the boys soon found; he knew poker as well as he knew mines.

"Monday, I'll take you down to The Widow's Mite," Razorback said to him as they stood in The Daisy on Saturday night.

"I shall be pleased to look it over," replied the capitalist; and stepped over to a card table to join a poker game.

At several previous sittings he had come out a small winner. That night, however, he lost steadily and his losses seemed to sober him. Settling down in his chair he gave his whole attention to the game and increased his bets in order to retrieve his losses. His opponents were all heavy players and the stakes grew higher and higher as the night wore away. It was evident that an unusual game was in progress, so some of the miners remained to see how it would end. Toward morning the capitalist began to win steadily. The fickle goddess that had been flirting with him all night suddenly became affectionate and gave him stake after stake.

The men played on in silence. The stillness was seldom broken, save by the curt conventional phrases of the game, the whisper of the cards, as they were shuffled, dealt and discarded, and now and then the spasmodic chatter of the chips. But excitement tingled in the air.

The miners left in The Daisy encircled the players some distance from the table. They were all engrossed with the game. A Monkey Paw miner entered; but not more than two or three of the spectators gave him even more than a glance. The newcomer saw that a good game was in progress and joining the ring of onlookers, he examined the faces of the players.

"Rick Borden," he cried, as his eyes rested on the face of the capitalist.

It was the name of the most notorious short-card man in the gold fields. A gasp of intense silence, an instant of surprise and utter bewilderment, such as seldom seizes the veteran prospector, followed the cry of the Monkey Paw

miner. Instantly in reply to the informer came a shot from the gambler's pistol—he knowing death lurked for him everywhere, alone had marked the newcomer—and down fell the Monkey Paw miner. Springing lightly toward the door, the gambler caught up a Winchester as he cleared the room. A second later, like unleashed hounds, the miners dashed after him.

The day was just putting forth the first gray streaks when the hoodwinked miners burst from The Daisy. In the uncertain light the figure of the card-sharper fleeing down the creek fully fifty yards in advance, flashed like a shadow past the camp buildings. After it bounded the infuriated pack. The men fired at it as they ran. Now and then the fugitive, wheeling, would send back a quick shot at his followers. The chase neared Sandy's cabin beyond which the ground offered an excellent way of escape into the mountains. To reach this spot the gambler strained every muscle and in spite of the hot pace gained on the miners. His form flitted out from the shadow of Sandy's shanty—the rifle of cock-eyed Foulzie barked—and the form plunged into the road.

The foremost pursuers dashed on with a rush; but about fifty paces from the body, lying in the road, two lines of flame in quick succession darted back to meet them. Two miners, lurching forward rolled over limp and still, and the others scurried for shelter behind the big rocks strewn along the bank of the creek.

Not the slightest chance of escape remained, the gambler knew, as he lay in the road and felt blood trickling down his back; but in his hopelessness he nerved himself to fight out the end. He dragged himself to his feet, rifle in hand, staggered back a few steps past Sandy's cabin and sank behind a large boulder.

There is this about American bravery, it seldom runs to

foolhardiness or needless exposure. In the West at least, except among 'bad men,' it does not breed spectacular heroes. The moment the miners had the gambler safely cornered, they were content to lie within rifle shot behind cover and besiege him, until he surrendered. From their hiding places, they kept firing away at the short-card man and he would reply at intervals with a well directed shot.

Day-break was fast approaching. In a few moments the sun would have burst over the mountains and make the fugitive a fair mark for his besiegers. It was then the widow came forth from the cabin. The miners at once ceased firing. She had been roused by the shooting outside and as she stood in the road, she stared up and down with an anxious look. At last she caught sight of the gambler behind the rock and with a woman's natural instinct of pity for anything hurt she started for him.

"Careful there!" he cried, as he saw her approaching. "Keep where you are."

At the sound of the voice, she stopped and peered through the gray light with an expression of joy and pain.

"Max," she half whispered, uncertainly, as though trying to remember.

The wounded man raised himself upon his elbow and fastening his eyes upon her face, gazed at her spell-bound. His cheeks grew ashen.

"Helen—Helen!" he cried hoarsely. "No—no—it cannot be," he whispered; and sinking back against the rock, closed his eyes.

She flew to him and kneeling beside him gathered him up in his arms.

"Max—Max—it is you," she sobbed and laughed. "What is the matter?"

The miners flocked up and clustered about her but she heeded them not. But poorly sheltered behind the rock, the gambler had been found by the miners' bullets and he

bled from a dozen wounds. The widow cried over his unconscious form and holding his head in her lap, caressed his hair and temples and sought to awaken him with tender words.

"Him," Razorback said hoarsely.

The other miners, not at all comprehending, stared blankly at the scene. They were too bewildered to feel hostile toward the man, whom a few moments before they had hunted as a beast. The sun burst in splendor over the mountain tops and in the full morning light, the widow saw Razorback and his friends standing about her.

"It's Max—it's Max," she sobbed. "It's Max and he's hurt."

"Him," Razorback croaked monotonously; and saw no radiance in the dawn.

There still was life in the insensible body, gored as it was in many places with bullet holes. Razorback looked down at the calm regular face of the gambler lying in the widow's lap and he burned with not only a human jealousy but a moral hatred, for there was nothing in the world he abhorred more than a short-card man, not even a horse-thief. He glared down relentlessly and met the widow's upraised eyes, wild with anxiety, which searched his grim countenance and plead for help from him who had never failed her. He turned away and his lean features grew more gaunt and haggard. Then in silence he carefully gathered up the limp body, carried it into the cabin, and laid it gently upon the widow's bed.

"Don't worry," he said kindly in a broken voice; and went out into the sunlight.

"He is the one for whom she has always been looking," he quietly told the miners. "She has searched the mountains over for him and here among us he came to her. He's a damned short-card man, I know, and we ought to string him up—but hell, it would be like cutting into her breast

and tearing out her heart. We have got to get him well or it will kill her."

Going down to camp, he saddled a horse and rode sixty miles to the only doctor in the district. He practically kidnapped the physician, when the promise of gold did not prove sufficiently alluring to compensate for a driving sixty-mile gallop, and rode him back almost at the pistol point.

The surgeon mined most of the lead in Rick Borden's body and patched him up before all life had escaped. He took plenty of care to have his operations successful, for Jack Pot would have been no place for him had the gambler died. Justice, it is true, demanded that a short-card man be shot, but where justice ran counter to the widow's happiness, among the miners there was no ethical haggling; justice had to juggle her scales. Rick Borden was nursed back to life, but to the life of a cripple, dependent upon the woman, whose love had and must always be his salvation.

In that gray morning, the widow found the Max of her past, lying hurt outside her door, her mind and memory returned. It was as though the touch of his hair brought them back. But whence she came or what was that mistake in the beginning, neither she nor Max ever made known. The camp showed no curiosity about who they were or why they had come out into the gold fields, for each miner had his own reasons why he was there and he generally kept them to himself. The widow was lost to Jack Pot, everyone saw, and there was no wish to pry into her past.

All this was long ago. Jack Pot has yielded up its gold. The creek bank is deserted now and even the creek has run dry. They now call Razorback the Honorable in the in the state where his homely visage is loved and respected; and Cockie Foultz is dead. The widow, when Rick Bor-

den grew as sound as he could ever hope to be, announced that she was going to leave, so the Widow's Mite was sold to capital and a pretty fortune given into the keeping of the wanderer, who once seized on Sandy Knox's old shanty. She remonstrated, but the boys would have it so. And one morning Razorback stood at Sandy's cabin and with dreary eyes watched the widow with her crippled charge depart down the Monkey Paw road into the unknown from whence she had come. His rugged face cleared and and his eyes smiled at her resignedly, as he heard her say softly to the cripple with a content few of mankind ever find, "Now we can go home and be married."

Robert Rinehart.

Friendship

Thy brother-love does not achieve its end
 In fair companionship of every day.
 For though, while yet we journey on this way
 Of life, in pity thou dost ever lend
 Peace to my sorrow, and with strength defend
 My weakness in the hour of peril, yea,
 And with forgiveness all my sin repay,
 Not chiefly for this love I call thee friend.

With thee my prisoned self finds calm release
 For I may speak each thought without a fear,
 And if, at close of day, our voices cease,
 My heart's desire remains to thy heart clear
 Till my last prayer fulfills itself in peace.
 For this I hold thy brother-love most dear.

George Tucker Bispham, Jr.

Joaquin Miller and the Great American Epic.

SEVERAL years ago Vaughan Moody or some other Chicago poet set the literary papers talking by the production of a long poem which some of the journals called an epic as grand as *Paradise Lost*; others asserted that it was not grand at all, nor was it an epic. I did not read the poem, but the concensus of newspaper opinion seems to have been that it represented a big and futile attempt at greatness. One print declared that we should never have a great national epic. We were in need of one, to be sure; this great movement of civilization westward demanded singing, but the human mind had become too complex to produce a noble poem.

This seems to be an opinion quite general among poets who have interested themselves in the subject of this western struggle. Each of them has considered it essential first of all to divest himself of any traditional forms which he may have had bred into his soul; any crudities at command he has displayed as necessary to a consistent interpretation of a movement which in some aspects must of course be crude. But the spirit of the movement is essentially a spirit of culture. And by this means he hopes to interpret it. He makes a mistake. With this tune he is sounding not the praises of advancing civilization but of sullen, defeated barbarism. He catches not the spirit of the whole movement but of a little reaction toward barbarism which clings to the outposts, and has accomplished quite as much with his singing as if he were giving an exhibition Indian war-chant.

Very interesting these productions are to sensation hunters, and win for themselves loud applause from such audiences. But they belong to the wrong side. They may pass as excellent war-chants, but not as stable contributions

to our national letters. Any poem that is to represent permanently American life must hark back to the beginning and carry with it all the culture which we have been two thousand years getting.

"A hundred years of aesthetic culture
Culminate in the jubilee of to-day,"

sang the Emperor Kienlung before the Imperial Academy of China. Not a hundred years only but two thousand years of culture culminate in this jubilee of civilization which has conquered the west, and all of that must be behind the epic which would be representative of the struggle. There has never yet been a true national poem which has not embodied all the national traditions. And it has been true and always will be true that no poet has done great things alone; he has been and will be in every case attached to a school and master of all its art.

I have no love for men who scoff at books and schools and raise the cry, "Go back to Nature." We have indeed been living these two thousand years in vain if we are compelled to forget them to get the best from life. Longfellow realized the possibility of a big song of the west and, trying to write it, compelled himself to forget all he had learned. The result was that very simple, rudely poetic resurrection of the Finnish Kalevala, called by him *Hiawatha*, which has no vital connection with our life. Why should he have done this? We are not to be represented by a crude popular epic and have no use for one except as a relic. Perhaps he meant to write the national song for the Indian. In that case he has had his trouble for his pains. The Indian is dead.

But there is another American poet who has adopted this mistaken method and out of no love for the Indian either. Joaquin Miller is professedly a singer of advancing civilization and this is his watchword: "Man reads too much and thinks too little. Great artists are not great

readers but great observers." Not a bad doctrine when adopted sensibly, but this poet, to judge from his work, has thrown away his books. I do not mean that he is an uneducated man; if he were his act would be excusable. No he is a man who studied widely in his youth, a university graduate, a wide traveller who has cast out learning as detrimental to the working of a poetic mind.

Indeed I think he is a poet, and a great one. A gaunt, massive figure, large features, white hair falling to the shoulders; a man full of force and crude suggestion. I should like to have seen him in his early manhood taking London society by storm with his cry "Go back to nature. Great poetry can come only from the mountains and the sea." I cannot think that the "still, bird haunted English lawns" took as kindly as Lord Houghton to the red flannel shirt and sheepskin leggings.

Whatever that Maecenas smooth-turned from the University thought of his crude protege he had at least the breadth of appreciation to comprehend sheer western vigor. Miller became the lion of London, a lion in sheep's clothing to be sure, but for all that no less royal. Indeed the sheep's clothing worked the spell, threw back the gates which would have held against the most voluminous roaring. It was a strange role to be assumed by a professed prophet of civilization. And why did he do it? Not for show, but because he thoroughly believed this was the only way to consecrate himself to his art. All learning, all complexities of a highly evolved civilization were discarded as binding and unnatural. The result was that the man who professed to be carrying culture west was in reality carrying crudities east.

Macaulay is in a great degree responsible for the propagation of this erroneous notion through his essay on Milton where he remarks that the author of *Paradise Lost* deserves the more credit because he had produced a great and im-

aginative poem in a highly civilized age; that a highly intellectual age by virtue of its complexity is far less conducive than an age of barbarism to an imaginative attitude of mind. "Nations like individuals first perceive and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms." This is true enough, but it does not prove that a poet born in an age of abstraction is born disadvantageously. There is still some truth in the old proverb that poets are born, not made, especially the great poets with great imaginations. And granted that, the age of generalizations can have only the negative function of refusing to develop imagination where it is not, fatal enough to the man who has none and is trying to cultivate it, but not necessarily fatal to the man who has one from God. So far is the environment of abstraction from being detrimental to his imagination that it is, I think, peculiarly helpful to it. "They advance from particular images to general terms." That is, picture writing is supplanted by lettered words. And this sets forth exactly the difference between the mental state of the crudely imaginative barbarian and that of the cultured poet who has power of imagination by birth, and culture by education: the one sees things in big, simple pictures, direct, vivid; the other sees things in complicated pictures, direct, vivid, but accompanied by all the wealth of allusion come down to him out of other ages. He holds in his mind the simple, primitive picture, which is also the perception of the barbarian, just as the highly intricate, lettered word holds in its composition vivid, onomatopoeic elements. Of course these vivid elements are not common property. The cultured man of unimaginative mind deals in abstractions truly enough, and will be no more able to discover the possibility of direct, simple perception under the intricacies of his culture than to discover the possible poetic aspect of philology. To him the argument of Macaulay applies; generalization will not create in him a capacity to

receive particular images. But the poet born is above this detrimental effect. The particular image is his without question, and besides, the accompanying wealth of allusion.

This statement of Macaulay's seems to have found favor in the sight of the late Frank Norris who in his novel, "The Octopus," went to much pains creating the character of a poet suffering from too much culture. In the following extracts Presley the over-educated poet is talking to Vanamee, the shepherd with a bachelor's degree:

"The great poem of the West. It's that which I want to write. Oh, to put it all into hexameters; strike the great, iron note; sing the vast, terrible song; the song of the people, the forerunners of the empire."

"Yes it is there. It is Life, the primitive, simple, direct life, passionate, tumultuous. Yes, there is an epic there."

"Epic, yes that's it. It is the epic I'm searching for. And how I search for it. You don't know. It is sometimes almost an agony. Often and often I can feel it there, there, at my finger tips, but I never quite catch it. It always eludes me. I was born too late. Ah, to get back to that first clear-eyed view of things, to see as Homer saw, as Beowulf saw, as the Nibelungen poets saw. The life is here the same as then; the Poem is here; my West is here; the primeval epic life is here, here under our hands, in the desert, on the mountain, on the ranch, all over here from Winnipeg to Guadalupe. It is the man who is lacking, the poet; we have been educated away from it all. We are out of touch. We are out of tune."

"Presley climbed to the summit of one of the hills—the highest—that rose out of the cañon, from the crest of which he could see for thirty, fifty, sixty, miles down the valley, and filling his pipe smoked lazily for upward of an hour, his head empty of thought, allowing himself to succumb to a pleasant, gentle inanition, a little drowsy, comfortable in his place, prone upon the ground, warmed just enough by such sunlight as filtered through the live-oaks, soothed by the good tobacco and the prolonged murmur of the spring and creek. By degrees the sense of his own personality became blunted, the little wheels and cogs of thought moved slower and slower; consciousness dwindled to a point, the animal in him stretched itself, purring. A delightful numbness invaded his mind and body. He was not asleep, he was not awake, stupefied merely, lapsing back to the state of the faun and the satyr."

"After awhile, rousing himself a little, he shifted his position and drawing from the pocket of his shooting coat his little tree-calf edition of the *Odyssey*, read far into the twenty-first book. Abruptly the drama of the story roused him from all his languor. In an instant he was the poet again, his nerves tingling, alive to every sensation, responsive to every

impression. The desire of creation, of composition grew big within him. Hexameters of his own clamoured, tumultuous, in his brain. Not for a long time had he 'felt his poem,' as he called this sensation, so poignantly. For an instant he told himself that he actually held it. . . .

"As from a pinnacle, Presley, from where he now stood dominated the entire country. The sun had begun to set, everything in the range of his vision was overlaid with a sheen of gold. But all this seemed to be only foreground, a mere array of accessories—a mass of irrelevant details. Beyond the fine line of the horizons, over the curve of the globe, the shoulder of the earth, were other ranches equally vast, and beyond these still others, the immensities multiplying, lengthening out vaster and vaster. The whole gigantic sweep of the San Joaquin expanded, Titanic, before the eye of the mind, flagellated with heat, quivering and shimmering under the sun's red eye. . . .

"Ha! there it was, his epic, his inspiration, his West, his thundering progressions of hexameters. As from a point high above the world he seemed to dominate a universe, a whole order of things. Stupendous ideas for which there were no names drove headlong through his brain. Terrible, formless shapes, vague figures, gigantic, monstrous, distorted, whirled at a gallop through his imagination. He started homeward still in his dream descending from hill to hill. But suddenly there was an interruption. Presley had climbed the fence at the limit of the Quien Sabe ranch. Beyond was Los Muertos, but between the two ran the railroad. He had only time to jump back upon the embankment, when with a quivering of all the earth, a locomotive, single, unattached, shot by him with a roar, filling the air with a reek of hot oil, vomiting smoke and sparks; its enormous eye, cyclopean, red, throwing a glare far in advance, shooting by in a sudden crash of confused thunder; filling the night with the terrific clamor of its iron hoofs. Abruptly Presley remembered."

Here the novelist has accidentally struck a spark of truth which failed to ignite his own tinder. He gives us a poet, the type of intellectual congestion it seems, standing in the vortex of that strenuous whirl, the significance of which he grasps partially, yet he fails at a complete and illuminating vision—the poetic, creative interpretation. On this particular day he lies half asleep coaxing the vision, conjuring it through the smoky haze from his pipe, feeling the approach of the presence through the half-light of the forest, grasping it entire as the dusk comes down, grasping it only to feel it frightened away by the intrusion of a crude reality. We are led to believe (as the author fully believed) that

the man is too highly educated, too complex, too far evolved to come back into touch with these elemental passions which are the life of his conceived epic. The poet is exactly what Mr. Norris intended him to be, complex, evolved, but being such a man did not in this case make him incapable of conceiving an epic. He had the vision. Very evidently he was capable so far, but when the time came for a daylight examination, where real sight was recalled by the whistle of a locomotive, the vision took wings. And this was not the fault of his high grade intellect; the effect would have been the same in the case of the most rudimentary creature capable of having a vision. The want seems to have been a dark-room where he could hide his impressions without danger to exposure, where the half-light could work its wonders undisturbed and foster the vision to maturity.

And this brings us face to face with an old idea, the idea of a dark-room differently expressed. It was the intricate, intellectual Poe who placed so much value upon foreign settings. Get away from the crude, irrelevant realities which are always intruding; know your ground but let it be far away when you attempt a polished, literary conception of it. This is the one view-point from which a proper artistic perspective can be obtained, and unluckily a view-point impossible to the poet who attempts now to get a national conception of the western struggle. For it lies in the vantage ground of centuries to come whence the poet can look out like Presley from his hill upon the movement intact, the irrelevant realities carefully shrouded in the haze of distance.

So whatever advantages present and personal association with the scene involved may have for the realist, they must exist for the realist alone and not at all for the man of dreams. True, these realistic impressions are the foundation of the building which the dreamer must finish in

dreams. But let the plain-minded man go with his heart open to the soil and catch these impressions. He can do it and mingle with them too some of those big, simple bits of barbarian imagination which thrive in his impressionable mind and will not be shattered by the intrusion of the crude real.

This is what Joaquin Miller has done for the final American literature which is to come, for he is nothing if not a realist, so far as a poet can be one. And it is a pity a man of prophetic mind and epic personality could do no more than this. He might lament, not like Milton that he was born an age too late, but that he was born an age too soon. For it seems the time for an epic is not yet ripe. What the age permitted he has done: he has sung to the men who fought and won the west; leaned on the pillar in the hall of Odysseus, singing for the chine of an ox.

And not only has he sung, but he has fought too. There is an epic in the life of this broad-shouldered, long-haired bard who with all his singing played the part of Odysseus as well; those first full days in the mining camps, working, fighting, praying by the dead; those perilous journeys across snow-choked mountains into Idaho; starlight rides along the game trails leading into the gates of the dawn. Then the wider travels of his mature manhood through Europe and Africa, the songs by the way, big and full of strength; the old man returning to the vineyard of his father only to take again the long trail towards Klondike and the setting sun; now the quiet, songless days of old age spent in the retirement of his little Utopia, "The Heights," above Oakland.

Naturally his poems are crude and consciously so, for crudeness, to his mind, is the necessary adjunct of what he thinks the greatest thing in poetry: big, blind passion, the passion of warring elements. And so far as they do express this will his poems be valuable to American literature.

There is nothing in them of educational value ; nothing to be taken into the home and kept because it is homely. Where he has aimed at delicacy he has failed. His long poem of South America, "Isles of the Amazons," is a burly, unsuccessful attempt to portray the delicate passion of love in its ideal form. But "The Ship in the Desert" is more successful ; Old Morgan is a man that Miller can handle as roughly as he likes, and the little, loveless, drooping bride is kept carefully in the background while Morgan is escaping with her across the Great American Desert. In describing this flight the poet is at his best :

"And they descended and did roam
Through level distances set round
By room. They saw the Silences
Move by and beckon ; saw the forms,
The very beards of burly storms,
And heard them talk like sounding seas
On unnamed heights, bleak-blown and brown,
And torn like battlements of Mars
They saw the darkuesses come down,
Like curtains loosened from the dome
Of God's Cathedral, built of stars."

Throughout the poem there are passages equally strong, and these, I suggest, may be the germs of a national epic yet to come.

Miller has long passed his prime and produces nothing now to augment his fame. But the life he leads is not that of an idler ; in his retired mountain home he is the patriarch of a colony of plain living and high thinking men who gather there from the ends of the earth : a poet from Japan, a Hindu philosopher, young men and women from the universities, budding novelists from the city slums. They come to hear the old poet expound his doctrine of the simple life : "We have no time for words. When the Messiah of American literature comes he will come singing, so far as may be, in words of a single syllable."

Edward Harshberger Butler.

Editorial

We take pleasure in announcing that the Editorial Board of THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE will be composed, for the year 1904-1905, of the following men: Howard Arnold Walter of Connecticut, Managing Editor; John Ogden Bigelow of New Jersey, Charles Ames Brooks of New Jersey, John Matter of Indiana, Charles Trowbridge Tittmann, of District of Columbia, and James Dayton Voorhees of New Jersey.

What we Learn
in College

Every morning the sun rises and it sets every evening. We are glad when we see it rise (glad in imagination I mean,— we never really *see* the sun rise, in college), and the outpourings of countless poets express our sentiments on its decline. Ordinarily repetition bores,— but if the sun should not rise to-morrow morning, fancy our consternation! Every year at Commencement there is given, with regularity inevitable as the rising of the sun, a valedictory oration; but who would say that the two events are hailed with equal pleasure? Alas that it should be so, but candor constrains me to admit that I have seen audiences into whom valedictories were being discharged, manifesting no particularly lively emotion, either of joy or tears. And consider the valedictorian! Is it not a witness to the irony of life that the man who of all others, has ten to one got least pleasure from his college course, should at the end have his reward in the shape of this crown of sorrows? All through the warm, pleasant, idle days of Senior Vacation, while his classmates carve their initials on the benches in front of Nassau Hall or give evidence of their classical training by following the motto,

"nunc vino pellite curas :
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor"

I can fancy him, with haggard eyes, searching the library and racking his brains for something new — for something new, do you understand — on a theme which shames the Pyramids in antiquity. And when at last, after the fever of composition and the anguish of committal, he steps forth upon the platform and begins to speak, he is thrilled and stirred — by what, do you think? — by beholding his father and mother and someone else, perhaps, anxiously attentive; and all the rest somnolent and yawning or, still worse, whispering obviously. Ah, *vanitas vanitatum*! my heart sickens as I write the words and I think of the valedictorian and of his valedictory with the best charity I possess. Yet there may be, it strikes me here, a compensation. Indeed, I am sure there is, in most cases, and my offered charity is gratuitous. The speech may stand in need of it, but the speaker would resent it. Perhaps the valedictorian regards this as the supreme moment, the apogee, of his life, as indeed the pleasant professor with the delightful 'man-of-the-world' air sitting at his father's elbow has just whispered to the charmed old man. Perhaps he is happy; he does not see the yawns and the somnolence; he drinks in the buzz of talk for subdued comment on his performance. . . . "Where ignorance is bliss, . . ."

With this prelude I have to open my valedictory editorial. I am sorry that I have not the sensibility to feel sad on the so solemn occasion of my retirement from exalted office. Not even the reflection of what an irreparable loss this Magazine will undergo when the best board from the best class that has ever been graduated from Princeton University (I refer any one disposed to challenge this statement to the Nassau Herald for this year, where he will find the assertion with reasons to prove it) resigns it into other hands, can effect me. To own such callousness is indeed to

write oneself down as deficient in sentiment, still I scorn to be a dissembler of my feelings; but to confess, as with shame I must do, that the principal emotion I feel in writing the last editorial for the board from the class of nineteen hundred and four is one of relief, positive relief, is almost inhuman. I can not write for the board, or at least for myself as one of the board, *morituri salutamus*; on the contrary, I am disposed to say that we who are about to live again, make our bow,—an expression which would be given in Latin, but that I think that more than one Latin quotation in a single sentence smacks of the pedantic.

Indulgent reader, if you have progressed this far, I fancy I hear you exclaiming, "What on earth is all this about? Why does n't he stick to his subject, since he has given himself one, and why will he persist in talking about himself, instead of letting me know what the Senior Class has learned in Princeton?" Well, I sympathise with your irritation, but you must know that in this editorial I have been able, for the first time, to bring my candle out from under the bushel of the obscuring editorial "we." I like to see it *shine*. But this is not all the explanation. Observe the clever artistic trick. Don't you know what one Senior thinks, and can't you guess from that something of "what we learn in college"? And, lastly, do you like the product of this education? My own opinion varies.

Raymond Sanderson Williams.

Gossip:

ON SPRING

" And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the Spring begins."

Swinburne

" Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

Milton.

It is the birds of course who are the true heralds of spring, and their wordless, undeceiving song proclaims on a clear morning that winter is surely gone. Yet this busy generation, that rides in motor-cars, and is ever plucking at the unripe fruits of the morrow, is scarcely content to wait for those small, winged messengers. In the cities, men look to the shop-keepers as the prophets of May; and while the streets are still dark at five o'clock they foresee in glittering windows which exhibit straw hats or yellow shoes the time of earth's greenness and outdoor sport. And we in Princeton, before ever the buds come out, take tops and marbles as symbols of the revival of life's youth, and behold in the new caps of sophomores the great change which comes yearly throughout the world! Nevertheless, in spite of our impatient anticipations, we are so subject to nature that we must always greet the first days of warm sunshine with a feeling of surprise, with a sense of wonder as at some splendid gift presented unexpectedly to us. We are never prepared for the change that suddenly thrills within our being. The animal self awaking—awaking to the keen realization of living, awaking to full sympathy with all kindred life on earth—shocks, completely masters our consciousness. The civilized product of social development is for the moment but a creature whose senses, triumphant, drink in pure, thoughtless joy.

But the Spring, once we are quiet from that first excitement of its coming, does not bring joy alone. The unsoiled beauty and peacefulness of nature reproaches our sordid, over-anxious lives. In the healthful freshness of all things we read such condemnation as we find in the calm smile of a child. The season of ripening fruit and flower stirs in us unsatisfied desires, yearnings toward a happiness hitherto unattained, toward some far-off, glorious completion. In the full consciousness of life we become aware of the large needs of life; we stretch forth imploring hands, and, without words, ask for that whose name we know not, though most

surely we feel that with great store of blessing it is our prize, awaiting us, calling us. And, beyond this pang of want, the Spring brings to our thoughts a grave message of sadness. For it is the time above all of hope, of brave gayety; and we in our foreknowledge know that hope to be vain, and that gayety of an hour's duration. Now, on every side the woods boast that their loveliness shall forever delight, and around us the birds sing that joy and love shall be without ending; all things upon earth rejoice "it is well, it is well with us," and the bright sky answers "good-cheer!" And yet—and yet in each year as time grows a little older this splendid array which spring calls forth and summer marshals must go down into the plains of winter, there with banners torn and silenced music to meet Death, the world-conqueror, and fall. The big stars that watch through the night over the peaceful fields of May await their withering, pitilessly; but man, seeing in nature the measure of his impotence, and the prophesy of his own doom, fears, and is sorrowful in thought. Sorrowful? Yes. But the sorrow we so feel is not benumbing but grateful to the heart. Pity and wonder are moved by it. Oh! for the wholesome laughter of spring days we are thankful; but thankful too for its sunset hours of solemn thought. For by mingled gladness and sorrow is our human life made sweet.

The Spring that comes this year has a new meaning for many of us at Princeton. It will not only clothe our campus with green, and hang leaves upon these elms; it will bring a great change into our lives. It is for Seniors the dawning season of life's work, and reveals the world, and all the fullness thereof, lying before them. As we go out into those far lands, let us journey with hope strong within us; it is our due to Alma Mater that we be confident; we have heard her teachings and known her guidance—we should be ready to prove ourselves worthy of her. For each on his separate way there will be old friends near at hand; and for those who look back the old towers of Princeton, never sinking beneath the horizon, will give fresh cheer. I trust that we may win into gardens of plenty, and take of the good fruits of the world. I trust that we may sow new seed of our own in places that after our coming shall no longer be barren. So may we, when the days of youth and strength are past, be well content to expect the darkness of winter, and leave for a remembrance upon earth some harvest that may be gathered to men's good.

George Tucker Bispham, Jr.

Editor's Table

It has finally come round for The Editor to pack up his belongings and vacate the Sanctum, leaving The Table to another Editor, even as it was left last year, very much bestrewn with our exchanges. We judge that The Editor should say his last say to slow music and with the soft pedal down, but the Editor is not much of a virtuoso, so he intends to prattle again as he has prattled the entire year, forgetting as much as possible that this is his valedictory.

As sitting at our Table, we scratch our pen-point around a well-worn isocetes triangle engraved in the Table by the pen points of many Editors gone before and jockey for a start, our mood grows retrospective. We look back over our work and the work of the exchange editors that has come to us and again there drums in our ears the old refrain, "Is it worth while—the Editor's Table?"

Having played the autocrat at the Table for the allotted time, we feel that we ought to know something about an exchange department, so we intend to place on record our opinions on that department. What the Editor intends to write will probably be read by the Exchange Editors to whom he is a stranger, since we infer that most of the college magazines are sustaining the same loss of the editorial board from the great and only class of 1904. We judge most of these magazines will recover in time. But the Editor must get back to his subject and try to give the new exchange editors a little encouragement. He may fall into advice but he is going to try to evade that.

It remains for us to see whether a college magazine is better for possessing an exchange department. Some of the best of them have no such department and some do. It would be hard at first sight to say the one or the other class were the better, for or for not maintaining an exchange department. From the standpoint of literary excellence, it seems to us that an exchange department adds nothing and from a standpoint of local interest it contributes still less.

But there is a reason for the exchange column, that is the mutual benefits that may be secured by the college publications through this department. An exchange department is nothing more than criticism and the many magazines throughout the country that do maintain such a department comprise a board of critics. The decree of this jury of critics may not be worth anything and again it may. It is however the only method by which a college magazine can gain any notion of what grade of work it is doing. So much is an exchange column worth.

We fail to see why magazines who do not go to the trouble of editing

an exchange department go to the expense of maintaining an exchange list. It seems to us that if one is useless so is the other. Now the magazine that does not consider an exchange column of any value has no right to expect any criticism from its exchanges. Such a periodical may feel that it loses nothing by ignoring such a department, but we know of few college publications that would not better for following the advice of some criticisms.

We grant that in many instances, the exchange department is worthless, but that is because no attention has been given to its editing. In cases where an exchange department is hastily and perfunctorily made up, it is far better to leave it out, and that is what every college magazine should do if its department runs to seed.

While we have had much pleasure in our work during the past year, we can readily see how the task of keeping the Table in order is void of interest. It is easy to put oneself in the position of an editor entirely out of sympathy with his duty. In that instance he must work at it all the harder or throw up the department and refuse to do anything with it. Where there is nothing, there is not failure. True there is little to be gained by the editor in return for his work but his magazine gains and that is what he should work for while he is on the board.

We believe emphatically that, where an exchange column can be maintained in the proper fashion, it should be. It may seem to some that the

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college literary monthly more nearly approaches the professional magazine if it eliminates the exchange department and for that cause scorns it. The college magazine in no sense resembles the metropolitan periodical; and should not try to. College magazines are not rivals, but all are working in different fields where they cannot conflict. Because the exchange department is essentially a feature of the college magazine we favor its existence and hope that it will never be abandoned.

Before we leave the Table we would like to take our farewell of many of our visitors. We have watched some of them change in character and disposition during the year and for some time at least we shall miss them. The Editor has a much better opinion of college writing than he had a year ago and he has his exchanges to thank for it.

Our friend in the University of Virginia Monthly proposed that the exchange editors over the country compile a list of the ten best college magazines. We have an idea that our friend was fishing for gold — and sure as fate to get it—when he made his proposition.

We could never select the ten best magazines; there are too many that excel in one department and fall short in another. Again we do not believe we could stop at ten if we went that far. Still because we like the Virginia exchange editor and feel that he looks upon an exchange department much as we do, it pleases us to consider what college magazines

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during our occupancy of the Editor's Table have maintained the highest standards.

We have no hesitancy in placing the University of Virginia Monthly in the category whether the number be five or ten. Throughout the year it has presented a well balanced issue each month. An absence of satirical and humorous essays is our sole criticism.

Our exchanges as we think them over fall naturally into groups. The magazines from Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and Holyoke for some reason we associate. Of this quartet it would be hard to select the best periodi-

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cal or to eliminate one from the magic ten. During the surveillance of the Editor the Vassar Miscellany has improved more than any one of our exchanges. This, we believe, is the result of giving more attention and favor to fiction. While the Miscellany has at all times printed excellent verse, fiction has unquestionably been the feature of the magazine. Its stories have been humorous and delightfully free from the gruesome. Smith unquestionably presents the greatest variety of articles shown in any college magazine and when we recall that The Smith Monthly has never printed anything poorly written, that magazine must take a high place in "The Ten."

The Harvard Monthly, The Columbia Monthly, and The Yale Literary Magazine must be included and we would number The Cornell Era, did not that magazine injure issue after issue with college stories. All the New England college magazines have the same fault. The verse in the Williams Literary Magazine entitles that periodical to a high place, but some of its college tales have less to recommend them than the college yarns in other magazines.

We have neglected to include the Georgetown Journal and we hurry to give it a place before our meagre ten is exhausted. The Journal is very energetic and we have an idea that some two or three editors are overworked.

We scarcely know where we stand and we have not the courage to count up, so we are going to stop, well knowing that we should never have passed over several periodicals for which we have a liking. The Bowdoin Quill we have always read with pleasure. It is carefully edited and its articles are interesting. Yes, it should be in "The Ten."

And so the Editor has rendered his account, of little worth as it may be and he stops for a word with which to close his department. It is all over for him and yet why need he close—there is another Editor.

Robert Ernest Rinehart.

